. esterday evening, family dinner at the Charles Gides'.

First Jeanne, then Gerard, tell me of Arthur Fontaine's visit to Briand to get me a decoration. M., Briand's chief private secretary, told them on Saturday. Since M. knows nothing of Fontaine's friendship for me (which, moreover, would seem inexplicable to him), M. will certainly think that I have started a campaign, and yet I knew nothing about it This is profoundly distasteful to me, and I was unable to eat all during the dinner.

M. does not like me; he doesn't hide his scorn and aversion for everything I write. He suffers in his affection for Gerard, and especially in his vanity, that G6rard prefers my society to his. Gerard does not hide his scorn from him. M. thinks that my company can only harm Gerard, and when Dr. Andreas, who knows me well, convinced Gerard's mother to put the youth in my care last spring, M/s disapproval became passionate.

M. is not exactly a hypocrite; yet he plays an underhand game. He is small. I am suspicious of small men. For a long time I have been telling Gerard he must be afraid of M. Some day I shall try to sketch this small character, held upright by moral principles so as not to lose an inch of his height. He appears full of affection, of responsiveness; but one always feels that he hasn't much to expend. Perfect type of climber. He succeeds by means of patience, of minute economy, of hygiene. He succeeds in everything. Forever up to his best, he considers his constancy as wisdom and calls virtue the lack of turbulence of his desires. But enough about him.

I have wasted my morning in writing him. Then went to the G/s to show Gerard a rough draft of a letter, which he has the good taste not to consider excellent It was merely a question of making M. understand that I had nothing to do with Fontaine's initiative. It

was especially a question of not seeming annoyed that he, M., had known about it even though it did not succeed. Eventually I understood, as a result of re-copying and beginning this letter over again, that, in order to achieve this last point, the best thing was not to write anything; and finally I threw everything into the fire.

Lost about three hours over that letter, four even if I count the time spent at the Ch. Gides'.

The Marcel Drouins came to lunch; around two o'clock, leaving them, I dozed for an hour. But lost the advantage of this sleep by still concerning myself with that exasperating letter to M. Other letters ab-